ARE LIKE THE CAT

Nim Crinkle Would Have Us Think Marriage Is a Failure

BECAUSE WOMAN IS CRUEL

A Mill Where Hearts Are Ground to Dust-A Cynical and Ungallant Attack Upon the Gentle Sex,

That ohrase, I grant you, is very French, and consequently, paradoxi-ical, but—soul of the sax—so is my

Consistency is a jewel," and, for year that my article will not sparkle see mark, I plant that gem at the head

blanket; and brand their college mates with nitrate of silver have not awakened to their powers. They are like their brothers, who think it poignant to cut their names in the grand piano and put pepper on the stove at prayer time. When they have grown to the full exercise of their pow-ers and can break a mother's heart, probably, they look back at these things

With contempt.

When a girl gets her first lover she begins to see how terribly inadequate all her previous femiliahness was how gross and material and childish the pin-sticking business was. Now that she has a human heart in her toils she arrives at the first knowledge of her

power to inflict pain.
In an article of this kind a fellow has got to allude somewhere to a cat play-ing with a mouse before she destroys it. It can't be avoided, so I allude to it at once. A girl first begins to be feline when she gets a lover. She is a com-bination of fur, purr and talons. I have been a mouse myself and I know how it is. She used to let go of me and say in the purr language: "Now run away, you don't amuse me any longer." I don't remember how many attempts I made, but she always put her velvet paw out and stopped me. Then finally

I have a friend who is a married trouse. Sometimes we commune at the club under our breaths. He is a philos-opher. Most married mice are. He has old me of the almost superhuman cunning of the depraved sex. He says that the beautiful feline monster that caught him made him believe that it was his mission to mold cats into the semblance of mice. She used to look down at him, he says, and purr a pro-fourd desire to be molded. There were no objects in life but mice objects. She did not care for cuts; they were treacherous and small minded. Her ideal was a mouse. O, that she could become

The molding business he now says is a hallow mockery. It's the wrong fel-low who gets molded.

My friend has made several attempts

to scamper away. I remember once he came over to my rooms, about ten echock at night, very red and flustered, and carrying his traveling bag.

Wall, old fel," he said, "this time she went too far. The die is cast. We have separated. Good-by, old boy. I'm going to a hotel. Take off your slippers and come and take something."
I told him that I sympathized with

him, but that he forgot that my wife did not allow me to take things. He wrung my hand and disappeared into

I was very much grieved over my friend's misfortune and came near writing a representful letter to his wife. But the next morning he went so his house to yet some personal papers that he had left behind. His wife began to play "Annie Rooney" when he came in; he slammed the doors upstairs, jammed the bureau drawers, knocked down the bird cage



HER VELVET PAW

and then liatened. She was still playing in the parlor, but she had changed On tune to something like a walts. Then he opened the door savagely and exiled down the stairs:

Esther, what the dence did you do with my papers that were in the

Eather came up to the most uneancerned manner, still humming the walte. "I think," she said, "you might wipe your fact before you come into

THE PLEASE. "O. I haven't time now to think about wiping my feet," he replied. The something more urgent to attend

hee you sare," she said, demucely, without looking at him, "that there are any papers? I don't remember seeing

"Well, I went you to understand," he smorted, quite savagety, "that I will not leaves this house till I get them."

funt I send that to your she meetly asked. No. or I want them now, and I

don't stir a first till I get them." And he data't. So him see it was C'obe-Democrat. Incky for rea that I didn't write the Inther to his wife.

Whenever he comes over now at night to wake me up and inform me that this time the break is for good, that on earthly power our heal the breach, and all is over at last, I mildly inquire. wher his carr's acranges the final breach in the daytime. An ''ve last time I was unaggreented that I dropped to the momentary perfety of a pun. "Look here, old boy," I said. "I have heard of breaches must be winning the wife,

But he only wrang my band, sold me that his want a newton sorrers, but the world was wide and then proceeded as budges for gen out it to the vight and perform his idiet feat of eincling round the high-bertaux and getting over fances and climbing in at his own

My other friend—to distinguish him I will call him a white mease couldre from continued abandanment by his wife. She has a subtle instinct, which tells her that he has specially loving spells. She watches these spells coming on and then makes a sudden visit to her mother. My white mouse on those questions course hours loaded with extra delicacies and finds the house deserted. He storms, knocks over the umbrulls stand, musses up the toilet stand, throws the tidies on the floor, kicks the dog and swears he will go and find the boys and have a good time.

He never does; he goes obediently in search of his tyrant to her mother's, and there he in worried for hours by the two women who treat him with ex-tra politeness and tell him what a



"CAN'T I SEND THEM TO YOU?" SHE

scheme they have of going off for a week's outing and letting him run the house all by himself. When he is brought to the last limit of endurance and rushes out, declaring that he will go off himself for a month, his tormentor returns home again and waits for him as demurely as if she had never been out of the house.

The exercise of this kind of power is a woman's prerogative. If she doesn't torment you she doesn't tone you. Both of my mice have evolved a theory that man should never give up his natural ruffianism if he wants to

have his own way with a woman. They always say Shakerpeare knew how to get along with women. Ah! what a head he had, my boy; he crewhat a head he had, my boy; he created Petruchio. Women respect ruffians; men who wreak things, who have spasms that is not politic fo bring on, in which they knock down their wives and kick the furniture to pieces. I call this the mouse theory.

It doesn't work. In the first place, any exhibition of that kind convinces the cat that you have a course organization and cannot suffer keenly. The moment she discovers that fact she loses interest in you. She thinks that her ideal has perished, and if you are not careful she will set up another one with finer sus-

In the second place, she is apt to remark somewhere in your career with an angel voice that it must be fun to have

angel voice that it must be fun to have to buy the furniture three times over. I know of one of these creatures, who conceived the purely feminine in-iquity of instigating her spouse to strike her, just for the exquisite delight of going about afterward with a black eye and sticking the knife of remorse into him in her sweetest man

That will explain to you why the wives who appear in the police court against the wife beaters always beg the judge to let them off.

Good heavens! You don't suppose they would willingly give up the ex-

fer for it, to the judge, do you? No no, my boy; women are not in-missions who use thumbscrews and try to convert people. They are de-licious little Neros, who want to sit on an ivory throne and enjoy suffering for the fun of it. Men who deceive and abandon women are wild beasts. men who coar men to fall in love with them, so that they can tor-ture them are esthetes, and they must be pardoned because they are not thinking of the suffering they inflict, only of the satisfaction they receive. NYM CRINKLE.

How Parrots Shaped America's Destiny. A flight of birds, coupled with a sailor's superstition, robbed Columbus of the honor of discovering the continent. It is a curious but historical fact. When Columbus sailed westward over the unknown Atlantic he expected to reach Zipangu (Japan). After several days' sail from Gomers, one of the Canary islands, he became uneasy at not liscovering Zipangu, which, according to his reckoning, should have been two hundred and sixteen nautical miles more to the east. After a long discussion he yielded to the opinion of Alonso Pinson, the commander of the Pinta, and steered to the southwest. Pinzon was guided in his opinion solely by a flight of parrots which took wing in that direction. It was good luck to follow in the wake of a flock of birds when engaged upon a voyage of discovery-a widespread superstition among Spanish seamen of that dayand this change in the great navigator's course curiously exemplifies the influence of small things and apparently trivial events in the world's history. If Columbus had held to his course he would have entered the gulf stream, have reached Florida and then probably have been carried to Cape Hatteras and Virginia. The result would probably have given the present United States a Roman Catholic Spanish pop-niation instead of a Protestant English one, a discamstance of immeasurable importance. "Never," wrote Humboldt, 'had the flight of hirds more

Farms in a Velenno.

Important consequences."-St. Louis

Thirty miles from the city of Kumamoto Japan, is the volcano Aso. San, which has the largest crater in the world. It is more than thirty miles in circumference, and peopled by twenty thousand inhabitants. Think of walking for miles among fertile farms and prosperous villages, peering into schoolhouse windows and sacred shrines well within the shell of an oldtime crater, whose walls rise eight hundred feet all about you. It gives one a queer feeling. Hot springs abound everywhere. In one place brickered but water is utilized to turn a ricemill. The inner erater is nearly half a mile in diameter, and a steady eclams of rearing steam pours out of The last serious sruption was in 1564, when immense quantities of plack

school and dust were afacted and car-ried by the wind as far as Kumamoto, where for three days it was as dark that artificial light had to be used. ATTRACTION OF THE ABYBE

The People Long to These Thomselves from High Places.

Cherroul's well-known experiments with the exploratory pendulum and the divining red show that if we represent to ourselves a motion in any direction the hand will unconsciously realize it and communicate it to the pendulum, says a writer in the Popular Science Monthly. The tipping table realizes a movement we are anticipating, through the intervention of a real movement of the hands, of which we are not conscious. Mind reading, by those who divine by taking your hand where you have hidden anything, is a reading of imperceptible motions by which your thought is translated without your being conscious of them. In cases of fascination and vertigo, which are more visible among children than among adults, a movement is begun the suspension of which is prevented by a paralysis of the will, and it carries us to suffering and death. When a child I was navigating a plank on the sines with how a thought that I I was navigating a plank on the river wit hout a thought that I might fall. All at once the idea came like a diverging force, projecting itself across the recillinear thought which had alone previously directed my ac-tion. It was as if an invisible arm seized me and drew me down. I cried out and continued staggering over the whirling waters till help came to me. The mere thought of vertigo provoked it. The board lying on the ground suggests no thought of a fall when you walk over it; but when it is over a precipice and the eye takes the measure of the distance to the bottom, the ure of the distance to the bottom, the representation of a falling motion becomes intense, and the impulse to fall correspondingly so. Even if you are safe, there may still be what is called the attraction of the abyss. The vision of the gulf as a fixed idea, having pro-duced an "inhibition" on all your ideas or forces, nothing is left but the figure of the great hole, with the intoxication of the rapid movement that be-gins in your brain and tends to turn the scales of the mental balance. Temptation, which is continual in children because everything is new to them, is nothing else than the force of an idea and the motive impulse that

accompanies it. LITTLE CHANCE OF PERJURY.

Why Circumstantial Evidence is Regarded by Many Lawyers as Strong. Writers in the law periodicals are advocating all sorts of strange doctrines at present. One correspondent thinks that circumstantial evidence should have scarcely any weight. His argument is that when direct evidence is ment is that when direct evidence is given there is only the perjury of the witness to be guarded against, while in circumstantial evidence there are both the possibility of perjury and the liability to a wrong inference from the circumstances. The strength of circumstantial evidence, according to most writers, however, is that there is little probability of perjury as the circumstantial evidence. little probability of perjury, as the circumstances frequently are slight in themselves and not likely to be distorted by the witnesses who do not know of their full effect. The New York Tribune regards it as probable that many more unjust convictions have taken place from perjured direct evidence than from mistaken inferences from circumstances. Ardemus Stewart, in the American Law Register, belittles the value of expert evidence to an even greater extent than most previous writers. English law-yers, writing to the London papers, have advocated to some extent a strange plan for doing away with all oaths in legal proceedings, on the ground that perjury is so common that simple declarations to which the same penalties for incorrect statements might attach would be just as valua-ble as testimony given under the pres-ent form. Another new theory which has found its advocate is that in criminal trials, except for treason, the defense, as well as the prosecution, shall be conducted by public officials. This suggestion is rather more startling than any of the others, and is even more unlikely than they of adoption. It may be that in the superabundance of law periodicals, writers find it easier to invent a theory than to make some valuable contributions to legal liter-

STILL LOOKING FOR A COOK.

The Terrible Mistake of a Newspaper Man

bur cook left us a few days ago," said a depressed-looking newspaper man the other day to a writer for the New York Times. "She said she couldn't live in a house the head of which lived so irregularly and kept such terribly bad hours, even if his wife was ill. And there has been nothing but trouble for me since. I had to my own breakfast this morning. That was bad enough. But this after noon, as a direct result of the cook's unhappy departure, I was placed in a most emburrassing position," and recollection caused the newspaper man to look very mournful indeed. "I started for an intelligence office with the firm intention of getting a cook or leaving for a tropical country where one can live on raw fruit. Several alleged cooks passed in beview before me, but none of them suited me. While I was questioning one a good-looking, modestly-dressed woman entered the place. Something about her appearance struck me favorably. I said to myneif. 'There's the cook I want,' and I started for her. I recall now that the manager made an attempt to attract my attention, evidently realizing my ntion. But I took no notice of her. My state of mind was such, owing to departure of our cook, that it never occurred to me that anyone else should want to procure servants. I touched the new arrival on the arm and said: 'You're the very woman I want for a cook. What are your terms?"

Lord! She turned slowly around. put up a pair of those long-handled planes. I forget what you call 'emand calmly looked me over. 'I want a tall footman, she said. You are tall. What are your terms?

We are still without a cook."

HE GOT BOTH OF THEM.

An Espress Company's Detective Who Laid Out Two Stage Robbers. "One day in October, 1877, I was staging it in northern california," said Thomas M. Spencer to a St. Louis Globe Democrat man. There were six of as in the ceach. We were talking about stage rubbers. Suddenly the wheel rim in such a manner that it is

here was a halt and one of the party aid: "Speak of the devil and he will appear." Well, we all got up and stood said: 'Epeak of the devil and he will appear.' Well, we all got up and stood in a line and gave up our purses and watches. The driver had thrown off the mail beg and the Wells-Fargo anfe. There were two rebbers, neither of them masked. They were not polite like the knights of the road of romance, but swore continuously. The job was done in about five minutes, and the robbers told the driver to go ahead. We did so for a half mile or sa, when one of the passengers, a silent man whom I had taken for a commercial man, mid to the driver: 'tio slowly and wait for me at the ford.' He then produced a Winchester from the bottom of the coach and started back over the road alone. 'Who is he?' we asked the driver. 'Wells-Fargo man, I guess, never saw him before, but I guess he knows his business. If he comes back, he will have got them; if he don't, they'll have got him.'

"Twenty minutes later we heard some rapid firing. We stopped at the ford. Nearly an hour passed, and then the man who had gone back appeared on the trail. He walked slowly, as if in pain, and a bloody handkerchief was tied about his head. 'Drive back and get the box,' he said to the driver.' Did you get 'em?' asked the driver. 'Both of 'em.' he replied. We drove

and get the box, he said to the driver. 'Did you get 'em?' asked the driver. 'Both of 'em,' he replied. We drove back. In the middle of the road where we had been held up both men lay dead. The Wells-Fargo detective, calculating that they would stop to rifle the mail bag and the strong box, divide the plunder and then separate, had quietly walked back. One of them he dropped with his Winchester before he was suspected; the other got in one shot before he fell, and that had struck the brave man a glancing blow struck the brave man a glancing blow on the head. Our property was all re-stored to us. We helped bury the dead robbers by the roadside. The brave officer refused to accept the purse we hastily raised for him."

HERRING ARISTOCRACY.

The First Fish of the Season Sold at Very High Prices in Holland.

Needless to say that, being so sur-rounded by water, the Dutch are great lovers of fish. Indeed, social rank is indicated by the consumption of fish, and strange to say that for this pur-pose the humblest of all fish, the com-mon herring, has been selected.

mon herring, has been selected.

At a good restaurant at Amsterdam I asked for a thoroughly Dutch dish, and to my great surprise a small raw herring was served to me, and for this strange dish I was made to pay a very large price. In answer to my inquiries I was informed in a particular tone indicative of something surprising and wonderful that it was a new herring. I was further told that new herring cost a few weeks ago as much as one cost a few weeks ago as much as one dollar each. I protested that in Lon-don new herring were often sold at one cent each or three herring for two cents. In answer to this I was smiling-ly informed that in Holland herring were not during the season any dearer; only, though just as fresh, they were not called a new herring. The point is to cat a new herring, and a new herring means a herring out of season, or the first herring that heralds the coming season. It is these rare and early herring that are sold at one dollar each. Then the price falls to half a dollar, then to twenty cents, to ten cents, to five cents, and finally to one

cent or less. When the new herring are first announced Dutchmen inquire of one another: "Have you already eaten a new herring?" If you are able to answer "Yes" early in the season then you are considered a man of means and importance. But if you continue for long confessing that you have not eaten any new herring then your kind and char-itable friends conclude you must be involved in serious financial difficul-

The Earth's Motion.

That the earth's motion has an appreciable effect upon artillery fire, deflecting the projectile from a straight course, may be news to many, and as such would probaby seem a novel notion. It has, and the exact nature and extent of the effect is an important extent of the effect is an important point of study with artillery experts. An English army expert told of the re-sults of many interesting experiments along this line in a paper read before the Royal Artillery institution the other day. Firing from north to south there is a divergence of projectiles to the left due to the earth's rotation, and firing due north the divergence is to the right. The extent of the "pull" varies at different points on the earth's surface, and with projectiles fired at different speeds and elevations. In England a deflection of five inches is found to occur with the projectile of a twelve-pounder in a four thousand-

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"Wall, she had her skirts all on when I west in, all a floamin' and a chinte', down onto the earpet a glitterie' pide of pink sadin and white lace and proops. Gorgen commits for a princem."
"At last Mine Viamen spoke and mys she, so she kinder creased howest before the glass."
"Eave do you like my drust?"
"Oh! says I, wantin' to make mysulf agreeable. "the shirts are benetifal, but I can't judge how the huil dress looks, you know, till you get your walst on."
"My waist?" mays she. "Ye.," says I. I have get It on." care she.
"Where is lit?" says i.e. "Ye.," says I. I have get It on." care she.
"Here." says she, a pintin' to a pink hell ribbon, and a string of bonds over each elconthes.
Bays I, "Has Finama, do you call that a waist?"
Eays I, "Bo you tell me. Mine Finama, that you are goin' down two that crowd of provident me and winames, with nothin' but them strings on to cover you?" Eays I, "Do you sell me that and you a perfemer and a Christian?"
"You," mys she, "I paid \$300 for this dress, and it haint likely I am going to min"—

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